

1865 FEBRUARY 1908

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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the child, the progress of the Sunday School  
and the enlightenment of the home



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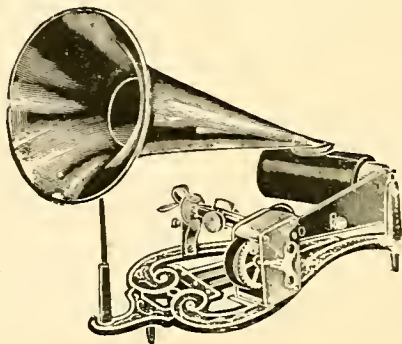
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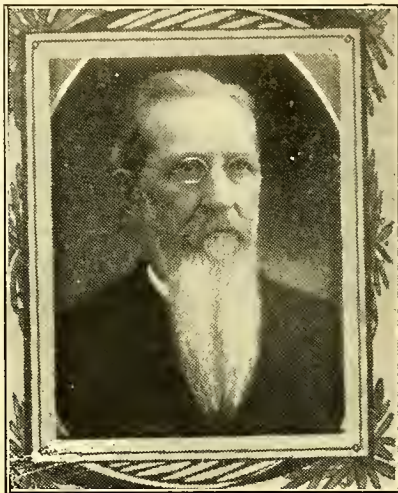
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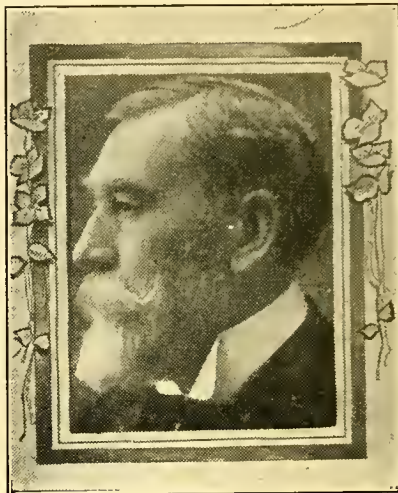
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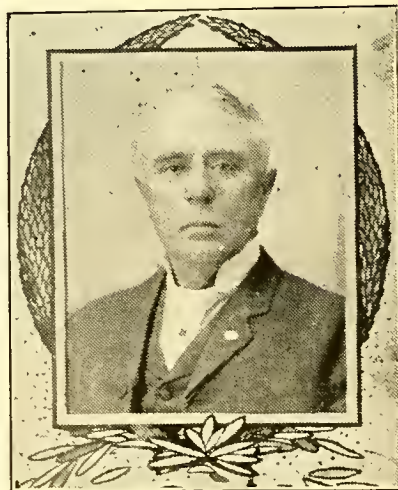
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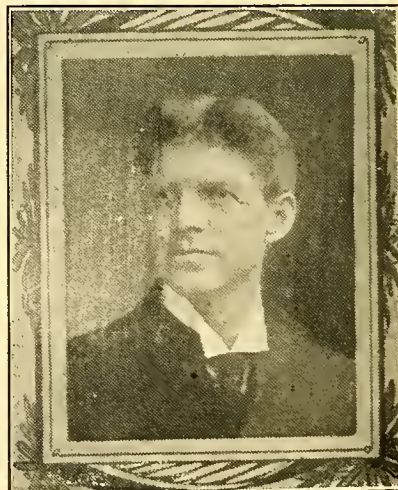
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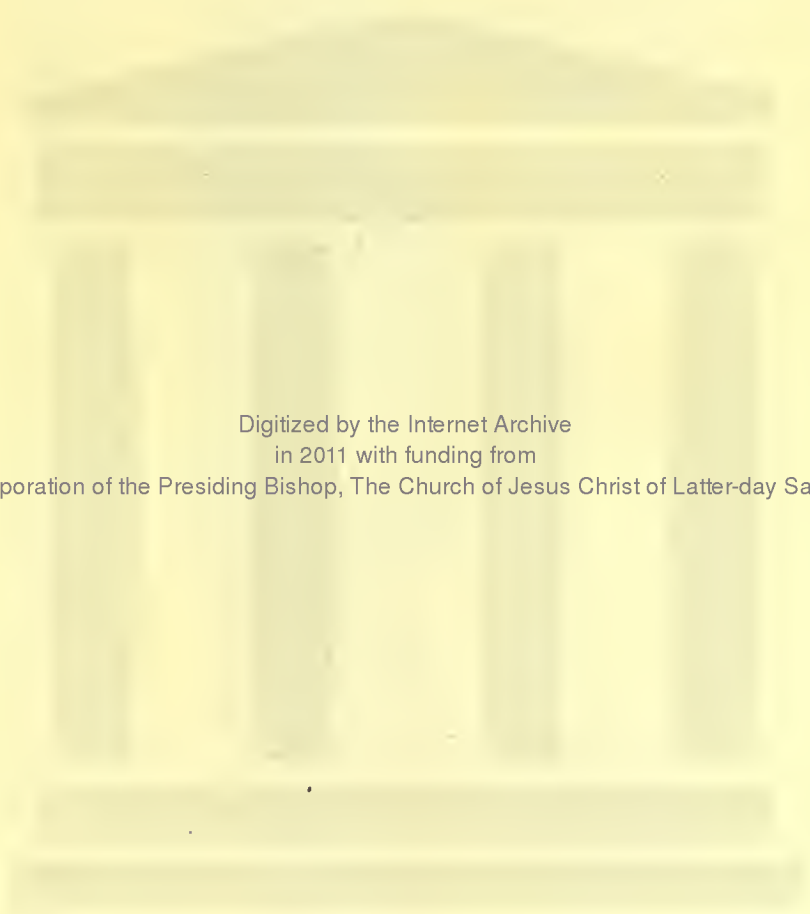
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## A Cardboard Hatchet.

*By Mary E. Fitzgerald.*

"Mamma, I can't see why people make such a fuss about George Washington's not telling a lie. He wouldn't be much of a boy if he was afraid of a licking. But on the hatchets we cut out of cardboard at school, we painted cherries on one side, and wrote 'I cannot tell a lie' on the other. Now if we had written 'I threw a dollar across the Hudson,' or 'I crossed the Delaware when it was full of ice,' that would show how strong he was and how brave. But, 'I cannot tell a lie!' I think that's silly; it sounds just like what a girl would say who is afraid of everything. Don't you think so?"

His mother tried to explain the difference between moral and physical courage; but apparently her explanation had no effect.

That evening Uncle Jim came up and told of a fishing excursion he had planned for April.

"Oh, I wish I could go with you!" said Harry, with a long-drawn sigh. "I'd rather go fishing with you than do anything else in the world."

Uncle Jim stopped his glowing description for a moment and then said, "Well, Harry, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll take you with me if you have good reports from your teacher from now until April. Remember, not one word of complaint. I won't ask you to be 'ex-

cellent' but no mark lower than 'good' will do."

Harry was radiant.

"Oh, I can do that easy. The teacher that I have now is fine. Any one could get along with her, so you can count me in, Uncle Jim," and he hugged his uncle vigorously.

Harry dreamed all night of catching fish; but his dreams did not interfere with his lessons. Through February and March his reports were excellent in every study. The boys were first envious and then bored with his accounts of the joys to come. The family openly rebelled and refused to listen to anything about fishing.

The next Saturday his father was to take him down town to help him buy his fishing tackle with the money he had saved. But "there's many a slip," we know, and Thursday afternoon as he was going upstairs, the principal of the school took him by the arm, ushered him into the office, seated him somewhat violently and wrote a note.

"Give this to your mother and tell her you cannot return to school until she comes with you. I have had just as much of that tramping on the stairs as I can stand. You seem to be the ring-leader. You thought I didn't see you, today, but I did. Now go!"

He tried to explain, but Miss Ridge, would not listen. He asked

if he might see his teacher, but the request was refused. He was sent ignominiously home. As he went out of the door he wondered if he had tramped without knowing it.

"Maybe I felt so happy, I was marching," he thought dismally; "but I don't remember, and anyhow I didn't mean to."

Then his Uncle Jim's contract flashed into his head. "He said 'Not one word,' and here's a whole note. And Uncle Jim never breaks his word. What shall I do?" And he sat on the curb-stone and cried, big boy of eleven though he was.

A plan slowly formed in his mind.

"I'll go over to Cousin Lucy's and tell her I stayed out of school this afternoon to visit her. I'll tell her mamma was invited to go to the 'parents' day' tomorrow afternoon, but cannot go because she hurt her hand, and I'll ask her to write a note to the teacher, saying mamma is sick."

He walked slowly along perfecting his plot, and was within a block of Cousin Lucy's when he saw, hanging in the window of a small house, a card-board hatchet; and with a shock realized that he was planning not one, but many lies. He hesitated, and then clutching the principal's note, ran home and thrust the note into his mother's hand.

"I never tramped, mamma; at

least, I don't think I did; anyway I didn't do it on purpose. Do you think Uncle Jim will forgive this?" he said breathlessly.

His father and mother sympathized with him, but gave him no encouragement. "Uncle Jim had such fixed ideas of right and wrong," etc.

It was a sad little boy that went back to school next day with the note from his mother, saying she would call in the afternoon. His teacher, who knew all about the fishing excursion, said, "O Harry, I am so sorry; but you know sometimes you are so forgetful. I told Miss Ridge so, but she insists you did it purposely. She seems so sure, too. I don't know what to think." Neither did poor Harry.

When he came in from his German lesson, Miss Ridge was in the room, holding a boy by the collar, and Miss Singer was saying, "But this is not the boy you sent home, Miss Ridge; it was Harry Leders, and this is John Swift. Harry, come here!"

Miss Ridge looked the boys over, told them to turn around and said, "I made a mistake. You two boys look exactly alike from the back; now, don't they, Miss Singer. I think any one would have made a mistake. Harry, I am very sorry." And Harry went fishing. Long after he told his mother how nearly he came yielding to temptation.

### The Shortest Psalm.



praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm 117.

## Short Stories from Church History.

*By John Henry Evans.*

### X.

#### THE STRANGERS FROM KIRTLAND.

On a raw December afternoon two men knocked at the door of the old Smith house in Manchester. The knock was answered by a cross-looking old woman, not overly clean in appearance.

"Is this where Mr. Smith lives—Joseph Smith?" inquired one of the men.

"No, sir!" snapped the old dame.

The men glanced at each other in a sort of unbelieving manner, at the same time taken back by the way in which they had been addressed.

"We understood that they lived here."

"Well, they don't!"

"Have the Smiths moved, then?"

"I reckon they have!"

"Can you tell us where they have gone?"

"What d'ye want to know for?" came a return question.

"We're investigators of the new religion that has arisen in New York, and we'd like to speak with Mr. Smith about it."

"Then I won't tell you where they've moved to, if that's what you want. There's enough crazy folks hereabouts already." And she slammed the door in their faces.

The strangers looked dumbly at each other for half a minute, then turned away. They were untying their horse near the front gate when they heard a voice shouting to them from the direction of the house. Turning round, they saw an elderly man dressed in working clothes. The three approached one another.

"I say," he who had come from the house spoke up with an effort to be polite, "what was it you wanted? You mustn't pay any attention to what my old woman says. She's got a sepl of indigestion today, and is not responsible for what she says."

"We wish to speak with members of the Smith family—particularly with Joseph Smith," was the reply. "But we understand they have moved from Manchester."

"Yes, they've been gone three weeks now. I believe they went to Fayette. That's about thirty miles from here."

The two strangers conversed together for a moment in an undertone. Then one of them asked:

"Would there be any objection to our looking over the farm a little?"

"No; certainly not," the man answered, "and I'll show you around."

So the three went from place to place on the farm which the Smiths had owned for the past ten or eleven years. They examined the outside of the house, the barns, the stables and the corral; they looked into the condition of the fences and the fields. As they proceeded, the strangers inquired as to the character of the Smiths in the neighborhood.

"How were the Smiths looked upon in this neighborhood?" they asked. "We mean as to honesty, piety, and general character."

"Well," explained their companion, "the Smiths haven't any friends in this part of the country. I guess that's one reason why they went away. They've got a church in Fayette, where their organization started, and I suppose they wanted

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

to go where they would be respected."

"Why don't the people hereabouts respect the Smiths?"

"Oh, because of their pestilential religion. They believe in visions, miracles, and revelations, and so on—all of which is simply nonsense to us."

"I don't mean to inquire about your differences of belief," explained one of the strangers. "You couldn't expect to agree on that point, else you would belong to the same religion. But have the Smiths ever done anything, other than believing in visions and miracles, to warrant their having a bad reputation?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "They've been saying all the time that our churches are wrong, and that we'll have to join this new church if we want salvation. This has made most of the people angry at the Smiths, especially the ministers."

"Have the Smiths, or any of them, ever committed a crime?"

"No, I don't know as they have. So far as I have any knowledge—and I've lived her for fifteen years or more—they've been honest enough. Leastways, they've never been arrested for any crime. They've got the name of being a shiftless lot, though."

"Don't you think the condition of this farm," asked the other, "is evidence that the Smiths were not lazy, but that, on the contrary, they were very industrious? Lazy farmers, you know, don't keep up their fences like this, don't repair their houses and barns, and don't have their fields and yards in this condition."

"No; I don't know as they do. And this is the state in which I

found everything, too. I haven't had time to touch anything."

"Was the Smith family regarded as any worse than their neighbors generally before they began talking about this new revelation?"

"Not that I ever heard of. So far as I can tell they're the same now as the rest of us, except for their strange notions about angels and visions. That's always been the bone of contention between them and their neighbors."

The visitors had evidently found out all they had come to seek. So they took their departure. But they did not leave Manchester immediately. They called on several old neighbors of the Smiths to inquire into the character of the family, especially that of Joseph the younger, asked practically the same questions they had put to the owner of the old homestead, and got essentially the same answer—which was that the Smiths were generally disliked thereabouts, not for anything they had done in the way of crime, though some of these persons wished to believe that that was the cause of the ill-feeling, but rather for the peculiar views which Joseph Smith had advanced concerning religion. After making these inquiries, the two strangers went to Fayette in search of the Prophet.

That very evening, as it happened, Joseph would be at his father's home in Waterloo, just on the outskirts of Fayette. He was a very busy man, having to care for all the people's spiritual welfare, whom he had converted in Fayette and Colesville. Besides, he had to make frequent trips to Harmony, in Pennsylvania, where his farm was located, for the purpose of making such disposition of his property there as he might.

It happened, too, that he was to



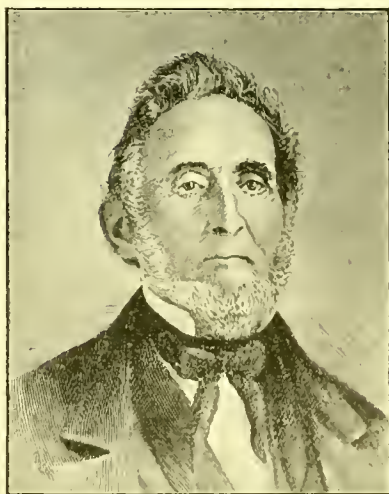
preach at his father's home that evening. Of late, ever since, in fact, they had come to Waterloo, the Smith family had held a kind of singing and praying circle round their hearth, to which twenty or twenty-five of the neighbors used to come regularly. Joseph being there tonight, however, the meeting was generally advertised so as to bring as large a crowd as possible. Of this the strangers learned upon coming to Waterloo, but it was meeting time when they reached the Smith home, and so there was no opportunity to make themselves

mon, the first great vision, the restoration of the priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Christ in our day. When he finished he asked if any one wished to say anything. One of our strangers arose.

"I have been greatly interested," he said, "in what I have seen and heard here tonight, and I desire to make an explanation. My name is Edward Partridge. With my companion here, Sidney Rigdon, I have come all the way from Kirtland, Ohio, to pursue my investigations of this new religion. In fact, when



EDWARD PARTRIDGE.



SIDNEY RIGDON.

known. They took their seats with the rest.

The services were simple. There was a little singing, a short prayer, after which Joseph spoke. The Prophet was always an effective speaker, whether in public or in private. And this sermon was no exception to the rule. He related the circumstances connected with the coming forth of the Book of Mor-

mon, the first great vision, the restoration of the priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Christ in our day. When he finished he asked if any one wished to say anything. One of our strangers arose.

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the four missionaries of your faith came to my home town, I was appointed by the people there to come to New York for the purpose of studying the whole situation here so far as concerns your religion and yourself, Mr. Smith. Mr. Rigdon, who is already a member of your church, and I have been to Manchester talking with some of your former neighbors, and looking over

your old homestead there. The farm bears evidences of the industry and care of its former owners, and the people give the Smith family a good character prior to your announcement of your visions and revelations. Now, these things, together with what I already knew, have led me to believe that you are a true prophet, that the Lord has spoken to men through you. I wish, therefore, to be baptized, if you will perform the ordinance."

At the close of the services, Joseph and the strangers from Kirtland greeted one another most cordially. The Prophet, however, advised Mr. Partridge to wait until he had pushed a little further his investigations. This was done, and later, in Seneca lake, the ordinance of baptism was performed.

These two men—Edward Partridge and Sidney Rigdon—became famous in the Church. The former became the first bishop in this dispensation, and the latter rose to the dignity of first counselor in the presidency of the whole Church, when that organization was formed. The Lord, in revelations to the Prophet concerning these two, declared that Edward Partridge was like Nathaniel of old, a man without guile; He likewise told Sidney Rigdon to remain in New York for a season to write for the Prophet during the inspired revision of the Hebrew Scriptures. This was the very first time in the flesh that Joseph and Sidney met.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and

Later conversations, no doubt, between the Prophet and his two new friends brought out the vast field in Ohio for the preaching of the word. Thousands were investigating the truth and would most probably join the Church. Though there was opposition there to the new faith, it was confined to words, it did not lead to mob violence. Very likely this was the first suggestion of the westward movement of the Church. After this, the Lord revealed to Joseph that the enemies of the Church were planning to destroy him and the new organization in New York, and gave him a commandment to begin the gathering on the banks of the Ohio. This is the first we hear of one of the most important principles of the Church in our times—the principle of gathering.

So the Prophet, wishing to obey the Lord in this as in all other things, prepared to leave the vicinity of his old home. The branch of the Church at Fayette he gave into the charge of Hyrum Smith, with instructions that, as soon as spring opened, all should move to Ohio. Similar arrangements he made concerning the branch at Colesville, in Broome county.

The next story will relate the manner in which the headquarters of the Church were changed from New York to Ohio, and the settlement of the Saints in their new home.

nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

## The Nuernberg Stove.

*By Louise de la Rame.*

### II.

To the children the stove was a household god. In summer they laid a mat of fresh moss all round it, and dressed it up with green boughs and the numberless beautiful wild flowers of the Tyrol country. In winter all their joys centered in it, and scampering home from school over the ice and snow they were happy, knowing that they would soon be cracking nuts or roasting chestnuts in the broad ardent glow of its noble tower, which rose eight feet high above them with all its spires and pinnacles and crowns.

Once a traveling peddler had told them that the letters on it meant Augustin Hirschvogel, and that Hirschvogel had been a great German potter and painter, like his father before him, in the art-sanctified city of Nuernberg, and had made many such stoves, that were all miracles of beauty and of workmanship, putting all his heart and his soul and his faith into his labors, as the men of those earlier ages did, and thinking but little of gold or praise.

An old trader, too, who sold curiosities not far from the church, had told August a little more about the brave family of Hirschvogel, whose houses can be seen in Nuernberg to this day; of old Veit, the first of them, who painted the Gothic windows of St. Sebald with the marriage of the Margravine; of his sons and of his grandsons, potters, painters, engravers all, and chief of them great Augustin, the Luca della Robbia of the North.

And August's imagination, always quick, had made a living personage out of these few records, and saw Hirschvogel as though he were in the flesh walking up and down the Maximilian-Strass in his visit to Innspruck, and maturing beautiful things in his brain as he stood on the bridge and gazed on the emerald-green flood of the Inn.

So the stove had got to be called Hirschvogel in the family, as if it were a living creature, and little August was very proud because he had been named after that famous old dead German who had had the genius to make so glorious a thing. All the children loved the stove, but with August the love of it was a passion; and in his secret heart he used to say to himself, "When I am a man, I will make just such things, too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room in a house that I will build myself in Innspruck just outside the gates, where the chestnuts are, by the river: that is what I will do when I am a man."

For August, a salt-baker's son and a little cow-keeper when he was anything, was a dreamer of dreams, and when he was upon the high Alps with his cattle, with the stillness and the sky around him, was quite certain that he would live for greater things than driving the herds up when the spring-tide came among the blue sea of gentians, or toiling down in the town with wood and with timber as his father and grandfather did every day of their lives. He was a strong and healthy little fellow, fed on the free mountain-air, and he was very happy, and loved his family devotedly, and

was as active as a squirrel and as playful as a hare; but he kept his thoughts to himself, and some of them went a very long way for a little boy who was only one among many, and to whom nobody had ever paid any attention except to teach him his letters and tell him to fear God. August in winter was only a little, hungry school-boy, trotting to be catechised by the priest, or to bring the loaves from the bake-house, or to carry his father's boots to the cobbler; and in summer he was only one of hundreds of cow-boys, who drove the poor, half-blind, blinking, stumbling cattle, ringing their throat-bells out into the sweet intoxication of the sudden sunlight, and lived up with them in the heights among the Alpine roses, with only the clouds and the snow-summits near. But he was always thinking, thinking, thinking, for all that; and under his little sheep-skin winter coat and his rough hempen summer shirt his heart had as much courage in it as Hofer's ever had,—great Hofer, who is a household word in all the Innthal, and whom August always reverently remembered when he went to the city of Innspruck and ran out by the foaming water-mill and under the wooded height of Berg Isel.

August lay now in the warmth of the stove and told the children stories, his own little brown face growing red with excitement as his imagination glowed to fever heat. That human being on the panels, who was drawn there as a baby in a cradle, as a boy playing among flowers, as a lover sighing under a casement, as a soldier in the midst of strife, as a father with children round him, as a weary, old, blind man on crutches, and, lastly, as a ransomed soul raised up by angels,

had always had the most intense interest for August, and he had made, not one history for them, but a thousand; he seldom told them the same tale twice. He had never seen a story book in his life; his primer and his mass-book were all the volumes he had. But nature had given him Fancy, and she is a good fairy that makes up for the want of very many things! only, alas! her wings are so very soon broken, poor thing, and then she is of no use at all.

"It is time for you all to go to bed, children," said Dorothea, looking up from her spinning. "Father is very late tonight; you must not sit up for him."

"Oh, five minutes more, dear Dorothea!" they pleaded; and little rosy and golden Ermangilda climbed up into her lap. "Hirschvogel is so warm, the beds are never so warm as he. Cannot you tell us another tale, August?"

"No," cried August, whose face had lost its light, now that his story had come to an end, and who sat serious, with his hands clasped on his knees, gazing on to the luminous arabesques of the stove.

"It is only a week to Christmas," he said, suddenly.

"Oh, Grandmather's big cakes!" chuckled little Christof, who was five years old, and thought Christmas meant a big cake and nothing else.

"What will Santa Claus find for 'Gilda if she be good?" murmured Dorothea over the child's sunny head; for, however hard poverty might pinch, it could never pinch so tightly that Dorothea would not find some wooden toy and some rosy apples to put in her little sister's socks.

"Father Max has promised me a big goose, because I saved the calf's life in June," said August; it was



the twentieth time he had told them so that month, he was so proud of it.

"And Aunt Maila will be sure to send us wine and honey and a barrel of flour; she always does," said Albrecht. Their aunt Maila had a chalet and a little farm over on the green slopes toward Dorf Ampas.

"I shall go up into the woods and get Hirschvogel's crown," said August; they always crowned Hirschvogel for Christmas with pine boughs and ivy and mountain-berries. The heat soon withered the crown; but it was part of the religion of the day to them, as much so as it was to cross themselves in church and raise their voices in the "O Salutaris Hostia."

And they fell chatting of all they would do on the Christ-night, and one little voice piped loud against another's, and they were as happy as though their stockings would be full of golden purses and jewelled toys, and the big goose in the soup-pot seemed to them such a meal as kings would envy.

In the midst of their chatter and laughter a blast of frozen air and a spray of driven snow struck like ice through the room, and reached them even in the warmth of the old wolf-skins and the great stove. It was the door which had opened and let in the cold; it was their father who had come home.

The younger children ran joyous to meet him. Dorothea pushed the one wooden arm-chair of the room to the stove, and August flew to set the jug of beer on a little round table, and fill a long clay pipe; for their father was good to them all, and seldom raised his voice in anger, and they had been trained by the mother they had loved to dutifulness and obedience and a watchful affection.

Tonight Karl Strelha responded very wearily to the young ones' welcome, and came to the wooden chair with a tired step and sat down heavily, not noticing either pipe or beer.

"Are you not well, dear father?" his daughter asked him.

"I am well enough," he answered, dully, and sat there with his head bent, letting the lighted pipe grow cold.

He was a fair, tall man, gray before his time, and bowed with labor.

"Take the children to bed," he said, suddenly, at last, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind, curled before the stove; at nine years old, and when one earns money in the summer from the farmers, one is not altogether a child any more, at least in one's own estimation.

August did not heed his father's silence: he was used to it. Karl Strelha was a man of few words, and, being of weakly health, was usually too tired at the end of the day to do more than drink his beer and sleep. August lay on the wolf-skin dreamy and comfortable, looking up through his drooping eyelids at the golden coronets on the crest of the great stove, and wondering for the millionth time whom it had been made for, and what grand places and scenes it had known.

Dorothea came down from putting the little ones in their beds; the cuckoo-clock in the corner struck eight; she looked to her father and the untouched pipe, then sat down to her spinning, saying nothing. She thought he had been drinking in some tavern; it had been often so with him of late.

There was a long silence; the cuckoo called the quarter twice;

August dropped asleep, his curls falling over his face; Dorothea's wheel hummed like a cat.

Suddenly Karl Strehla struck his hand on the table, sending the pipe to the ground.

"I have sold Hirschvogel," he said; and his voice was husky and ashamed in his throat. The spinning wheel stopped. August sprang erect out of his sleep.

"Sold Hirschvogel!" If their father had dashed the holy crucifix on the floor at their feet and spat on it, they could not have shuddered under the horror of a greater blasphemy.

"I have sold Hirschvogel!" said Karl Strehla, in the same husky, dogged voice. "I have sold it to a traveling trader in such things for two hundred florins. What would you?—I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will pack it and take it to Munich tomorrow.

Dorothea gave a low shrill cry:

"Oh, father?—the children—in midwinter!"

She turned white as the snow without; her words died away in her throat.

August stood, half blind with sleep, staring with dazed eyes as his cattle stared at the sun when they came out from their winter's prison.

"It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father?"

Strehla broke into a dreary laugh.

"It is true. Would you like to know what is true, too?—that the bread you eat, and the meat you put in this pot, and the roof you have over your heads, are none of them paid for, have been none of them paid for, for months and months: if it had not been for your grandfather I should have been in prison

all summer and autumn, and he is out of patience and will do no more now. There is no work to be had; the masters go to younger men: they say I work ill; it may be so. Who can keep his head above water with ten hungry children dragging him down? When your mother lived it was different. Boy, you stare at me as if I were a mad dog! You have made a god of yon china thing. Well—it goes: goes tomorrow. Two hundred florins, that is something. It will keep me out of prison for a little, and with the spring things may turn——"

August stood like a creature paralyzed. His eyes were wide open, fastened on his father's with terror and incredulous horror; his face had grown as white as his sister's; his chest heaved with tearless sobs.

"It is not true! It is not true!" he echoed stupidly. It seemed to him that the very skies must fall, and the earth perish, if they could take away Hirschvogel. They might as soon talk of tearing down God's sun out of the heavens.

"You will find it true," said his father, doggedly, and angered because he was in his own soul bitterly ashamed to have bartered away the heirloom and treasure of his race, and the comfort and health-giver of his young children. "You will find it true. The dealer has paid me half the money tonight, and will pay me the other half tomorrow when he packs it up and takes it away to Munich. No doubt it is worth a great deal more,—at least I suppose so, as he gives that,—but beggars cannot be choosers. The little black stove in the kitchen will warm you all just as well. Who would keep a gilded, painted thing in a poor house like this, when one can make two hundred florins by it? Dorothea, you never sobbed more

when your mother died. What is it, when all is said?—a bit of hardware, much too grand-looking for such a room as this. If all the Strehlas had not been born fools it would have bene sold a century ago, when it was dug up out of the ground. 'It is a stove for a museum,' the trader said, when he saw it. To a museum let it go."

August gave a shrill shriek like a hare's when it is caught for its death, and threw himself on his knees at his father's feet.

"Oh, father, father!" he cried, convulsively, his hands closing on Strehla's knees, and his uplifted face blanched and distorted with terror. "Oh, father, dear father, you cannot mean what you say? Send *it* away—our life, our sun, our joy, our comfort? we shall all die in the dark and the cold. Sell *me* rather. Sell me to any trade or any pain you like; I will not mind. But Hirschvogel!—it is like selling the very cross off the altar! You must be in jest. You could not do such

a thing—you could not!—you who have always been gentle and good, and who have sat in the warmth here year after year with our mother. It is not a piece of hardware, as you say; it is a living thing, for a great man's thoughts and fancies have put life into it, and it loves us though we are only poor little children, and we love it with all our hearts and souls, and up in heaven I am sure the dead Hirschvogel knows! Oh, listen; I will go and try and get work tomorrow; I will ask them to let me cut ice or make the paths through the snow. There must be something I could do, and I will beg the people we owe money to, to wait; they are all neighbors, they will be patient. But sell Hirschvogel!—oh, never! never! never! Give the florins back to the vile man. Tell him it would be like selling the shroud out of mother's coffin, or the golden curls off Ermengilda's head! Oh, father, dear father! do hear me, for pity's sake!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## I Killed a Robin.

By Sidney Dayre.

*I killed a robin. The little thing,  
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,  
That comes in the apple-tree to sing.*

*I flung a stone as he twittered there;  
I only meant to give him a scare,  
But off it went—and hit him square.*

*A little flutter—a little cry—  
Then on the ground I saw him lie;  
I didn't think he was going to die.*

*But as I watched him I soon could see  
He never would sing for you or me  
Any more on the apple-tree.*

*Never more in the morning light,  
Never more in the sunshine bright,  
Thrilling his song in gay delight*

*And I'm thinking every summer day,  
How never, never I can repay  
The little life that I took away.*



## The Comic Valentine.

*By May R. Atwater.*

With the little people the joys of Valentine day begin long before the fourteenth, so, on the very first day of February Miss L. was not at all surprised at the greeting she received from her children. "Oh, Miss L., Eddie's got a valentine! It's an awful funny one!"

"Have you, Eddie?" said Miss L.

"Yes'm, I bring it to show you," and Eddie walked proudly to the front of the room.

Miss L's heart sank as she looked. A partially intoxicated man was leaning against a bar, with a pig standing near him. However, according to her custom of exhibiting to the school any treasures brought from the children's homes, she held up the picture. Of course it was greeted with laughter.

"Do you like it?" she asked in a non-committal tone.

"Yes, Miss Lilly," came from all parts of the room.

"Why do you like it?"

"Because it's so funny."

"What is there funny about it?" said she, still striving to conceal her own feeling on the subject. There were a few voices for the pig, but the majority agreed that the man was the amusing part.

"Would you like that man for your father, Dannie?"

"No," said Dannie, with a decidedly falling inflection.

"How many would like this man for their father?"

No hands were raised, and the children looked as if they were doubtful as to what Miss Lilly meant. With a note of surprise in her voice she went on: "Why wouldn't you like him for your father? You say he is funny, and I know that you like funny people."

Still more dubious looks, then after a short pause, five year old Leola announced solemnly, "He's drunk."

"And you don't like men who are drunk?" queried Miss Lilly.

Then the tongues were loosened. One little girl said, "Miss Lilly, I want to tell you something. Kitty Reilly's papa gets drunk and drives Kitty out of the house, and my mamma calls her into my house and gives her bread and molasses." As Kitty was not in this room it was safe to pursue the subject further.

"Children, which would you rather have, a picture of Mr. Reilly driving Kitty out, or a picture of Dannie's mamma giving her some bread?"



Of course, Dannie's mamma has a unanimous vote. It was Miss Lilly's custom to pin up for a short time the pictures brought by the children, so now she said slowly, "Let me see. Where shall I put this? Where would you like it? Shall I fasten it up here between the White Cow and the Aurora?"

A breathless pause, and then came in a decided tone: "No, don't put it there. Don't put it up anywhere."

The teacher drew a long breath and took courage. "But you said you liked it," she said.

"I thought I did, but I don't any more," announced Della, and this seemed to be the prevailing sentiment.

"What shall I do with it? I wouldn't put it on my desk for anything."

"Tear it up and put it into the waste-basket," said Mikey, and again the teacher's heart rejoiced.

"I can't; it is not mine," said she.

"You can have it. You can do anything you want to with it?" said the owner, heroically. It was heroic. He did not have many pennies to spend.

"The pig is all right. You might cut him off," suggested Russell, so the pig was saved, but the man went to his own place.

"Was that the prettiest penny valentine they had at the store?"

"Oh my, no; they have real lovely ones at Smith's," said Leola.

Her taste being of recognized

value, Miss Lilly said, "I am going to send Leola over to Smith's to get the valentine she thinks is the prettiest. Get your hat, Leola, and here is your penny."

To be sure it was in school hours, but Miss Lilly believed with Artemus Ward, that "Now is the present time." Calisthenics filled the three minutes till Leola returned. She brought a simple card with a fancy edge, a bird picture, and a verse.

"I thought I'd get a bird 'cause everybody likes them," said the little messenger.

Comments were in order, and then the teacher said, "When you are buying your valentines, if any of you should find one as pretty as this, will you bring it and show it to me? I shall pin mine up on the wall, and leave it there till Valentine day. When you bring yours, we will put them side by side."

The children were on their mettle at once. Of course they could find one as pretty as Leola's. Every day till the fourteenth came found the time before nine o'clock taken up with discussion and comparison of pleasing, not comic, valentines.

Miss Lilly looked at the clock. The time for the first and second number classes had passed. Three threes are nine must wait till another day. Perhaps they have gotten something better than three threes, she said to herself.

## Little Animal Stories.

### The Horse and the Music.

Just at that moment, before any of them had begun to talk, every

ear caught the pleasant musical sound of little bells ringing. It was no regular tune, but a delicious melody in that soft, sunshiny air, which

was filled at the same time with the song of birds. Angela had heard all kinds of music in London, but this was unlike anything she had heard before, so soft, and sweet, and gladsome! On it came, ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The boys and grandfather knew what it meant. Now it was in sight!—the farm team going to the mill with sacks of corn to be ground, each horse with a little string of bells to its harness. On they came, the handsome, well-cared-for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along; and at every step the cheerful and cheering melody rang out.

"Do all horses down here have bells?" asked Angela.

"By no means," replied her grandfather, "they are some expense, but if we can make labor easier to a horse by giving him a little music, which he loves, he is less worn by his work, and that is a saving worth thinking of. A horse is a gentle, noble-spirited animal, and not without intellect, either; and he is capable of much enjoyment from music. We all know that music stimulates to exertion, as well as soothes the weary. Soldiers, as Willie says, march to music. If bands of work-people at field-labor sing, the labor is lightened and the mind cheered. Buffon says that even sheep fatten better to the sound of music."—*Mrs. Howitt.*

### A Faithful Sheep Dog.

One night the herder brought his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have her supper. The herd-

er thought it rather strange, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corrals the next morning he found the gate opened and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder in his haste the night before had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night through suffering from hunger and thirst.

On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After he had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and, although she had no supper, she started off over the prairie as fast as she could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the low barking of a dog down by the corrals and there found the dog with a band of about fifty sheep which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge; but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corraled, and she did it.

Another good story of this same dog. One day she was sent out with a new herder to an out-lying ranch some fifteen miles distant. That night she came home and by her actions told us that there was something wrong on the ranch. Well, we mounted our bronchos and went over to the ranch, and very soon found out what the matter was. The new herder was simply a tramp, who, as soon as he had got a good feed, had lit out and left the sheep uncared for, save by his more faithful companion, the dog.

# Household Decoration.

*Rose Homer Widtsoe.*

## II.

"A perfectly furnished house is a crystallization of the culture, the habits, and the tastes of the family, and not only expresses but makes character."—*Candace Wheeler.*

In "Household Decoration," or in other words, in an attempt to secure beauty as a permanent quality of the home, the most important consideration is harmony and effect of color. The architect may have expended his utmost skill in planning the structure of the building as a whole and the artistic and convenient arrangement of its parts, yet mistakes in the selection of color or furniture may spoil the otherwise artistic effect. The spirit of the age is certainly progression and the desire on the part of most home-makers to make the home more beautiful and artistic has been stimulated along with the other pursuits of life. There is no question but that the interior of the home is a reflection of its occupants, and today more than ever before do we find them eagerly studying the laws governing the correct use of color.

Not only do we find them applying these laws to color, but attention is also paid to the selection of appropriate furniture and artistic arrangement. In homes of moderate cost; in the simple cottage or the farm house these points should be as carefully observed as in the more elaborate homes of the city.

Our aim should, in every case, be to unite beauty and utility; practical equipment and artistic effort should be our desire. Wall paper

of the most delicate tints with woodwork in white paint would be beautiful in a bed-room, perhaps, but would be bad taste in the hall or kitchen:—in the hall because the contrast with nature's colorings is too striking; in the kitchen because the delicate colors would soil too easily. A frail, bird's-eye maple rocker that looks well in a bed-room furnished in dainty colors and light-weight bird's-eye maple furniture would be entirely out of place in a living room furnished in mission furniture. The end desired is utility, harmony, simplicity and refinement, and this requires most careful and serious thought. The instinct of home-making may do much, but it cannot without study of appropriateness in every direction make even the simplest cottage a true expression of beauty.

As was said in our last article, the first and most important consideration in Household Art, is color. In the selection of color the principle of gradation was suggested as the safest guide to follow. Perhaps in this way fewer mistakes are made; but while the effect thus derived may be pleasing, the greatest beauty is brought out by contrasting colors. There are but few, however, who can combine contrasting colors successfully. Seldom do we see simply variation in tones in Nature, but usually a combination of contrasting colors; for instance, the blue sky over our heads and the green grass beneath our feet. Yet who would dare, even if we could match the delicacy of their hues, employ this combination

in the home. Nor would we copy literally the contrasts in the flowers. Yet what could be more beautiful than the morning glory with her many brilliant colors all contrasting harmoniously—the petals of deep, rich purple set in a bright green calyx? Or what could be more beautiful than the richly variegated tulips or the brilliant colors of autumn? These contrasts, while beautiful and harmonious in Nature, cannot be copied literally. Nature is but our guide. "The art of the decorator is to *typify*, not to represent, the works of Nature."

The melodies in music are pleasing, but the greatest art in music is brought out in harmonies. Just so in color, variation of tone is pleasing, but we must depend upon contrasts for our most pleasing and striking effects. The safest plan seems, however, to be to decorate in one color, and to depend upon various tints and shades for variation. After the masses of color are distributed, we may then add little touches of contrasting colors here and there that will enliven and en-

hance the beauty of the room. Knowledge of the laws of color does not enter into the general manufactures, hence the contrasts obtainable in paper hangings are too crude and inartistic to make good walls, except in the safe and frequent example of printing in one tint, a darker design upon a lighter background. These give a soft general effect, and the relief to the eye produced by gradation of tone.

The variation without contrast is very important in house decoration. There must be some difference in tone in large plain surfaces or the room becomes very monotonous. The four walls stand for the atmosphere of the room. They are what the eye constantly sees, and one would be affected by blank walls in one color about the same as if he were shut up in a dark room.

Another point that should be carefully considered in selecting color for a house is its position, since much of its lasting charm comes from harmony of motive with nature's surroundings. For instance, in the farm-house where



THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

Paul Veronese.



everything surrounding it is characterized by its simplicity; where the colorings of nature are usually the soft warm browns and golden yellows with the beautiful contrasting greens, one should not select classic forms and striking designs with strong contrasting colors, but the simple designs and the quiet colors that will blend harmoniously with nature's. If, on the other hand, the house is massive, and surrounded by fields and trees and mountains it will be found that strong and positive treatment of the interior is more in harmony with nature. Heavier furniture is appropriate and stronger and more positive colors can be used. The masses of strong and slightly varying greens in foliage, the red-browns or vivid greens of fields and crops, the dark lines of tree trunks and branches, as well as the unchanging forms of rock and hill-side, call for a corresponding strength of interior effect.

After considering the location with regard to its surrounding, the next considerations are the predominant *use* and the quality and quantity of light. Considering

the quality and quantity of light, we must give a north room that gets but little sunshine warm and bright treatment. Warm reds and golden browns, or yellows—especially the pure gold colors in curtains and draperies—will give an effect of warmth and brightness in a cold dark room. A cold, dead brown, green or blue would, on the other hand, intensify the coldness and dreariness. A room with a southern exposure requires treatment with cool, light colors, blues in various tints, water greens, silvery tones that will contrast harmoniously with the yellow of sunlight. The treatment suggested for a north room would produce an almost unbearable brightness in a sunny south room. Rooms with an east or west exposure may carry successfully colors of almost any tint without violating fundamental laws.

In our next article we shall consider the decoration and furnishings appropriate to each room, with regard to the predominant use, and the amount of light it contains. The simple cottage will be the basis of our study.



THE LAST SUPPER.

*Leonardo Da Vinci.*

# Home Sanitation.

*Rose Homer Widtsoe.*

## II.

### DUST AND ITS DANGERS.

We found in our last article that dust was made up of organic and inorganic matter. If a sample of dust is collected and carefully burned, the organic matter burns away, any salts of ammonia volatilize, and only the mineral portion remains unacted upon. By such experiments it has been proved that more than half of the suspended matter in the air is of organic origin, and most of it consists of germs capable of setting up fermentation, disease, and decay. It is this living matter in dust with which we are concerned.

The question may be asked, How do we find out how many living germs there are and of what kinds in a given volume of air? They are so small that the only way to study them is by use of the microscope. What is known as the "culture method" is used for determining the kinds of germs. Instead of bringing the air or water or whatever is to be tested under the microscope, a mixture, usually some form of gelatine, is prepared which serves as food for these organisms. This is exposed to the air or some of the liquid to be tested is added to it. Under favorable conditions of heat and moisture these germs grow readily. They grow so rapidly that in a short time the progeny of a single living germ will have accumulated to such an extent right in the spot where the germ lodged

that a mass of them, called a "colony," will be visible to the naked eye, or under a low power microscope. By counting the colonies we determine the number of bacteria present in the given volume of air or liquid. Other tests may be made from the various colonies to determine what kinds there are and their effects upon man or animals.

We can perform this little experiment in our homes by pouring into a number of shallow glass dishes, a thin layer of the warm gelatinous culture medium. This should be exposed for a short time, and then covered over by tightly fitting glass covers. This test is made possible by the fact that all dust particles, light or heavy, in quiet places settle towards the ground. By keeping these plates in a warm place, the germs grow and by counting the colonies we will get a general idea of the germs present in the air of the different places.

The germs of the in-door dust are the ones with which we are concerned. We found in our last article that the strong currents of air out-of-doors kept that air comparatively free from germs. Once in a closed room, dust, as every house-keeper knows, is very apt to stay there unless special means are taken to remove it. Now since the heaviest particles of dust, which contain most of the bacteria, gradually sink to the lowest levels—floors, shelves, furniture—the still air of a room may almost completely free itself from micro-organisms, within one or two hours. Any current of air,

or walking about in the rooms, interferes with the settling of the dust. Yet the ordinary means of ventilating a room by opening doors or windows does not carry off the bacteria. Even strong draughts are not able when sweeping over carpets, woolen hangings and so forth, to free the germs to any considerable extent from these. They carry off the suspended particles but not those that have settled upon these materials.

Much of the bacteria-laden dust is the ground-up dirt which we

been quiet for a few hours, a given volume of air contained a number of living bacteria ranging from 0 to 13. The air had practically freed itself from germs by settling on beds and floors. After making the beds and sweeping, the given volume of air contained from 1 to 477 germs. The same volume of air in comparatively clean houses, contained 180 bacteria; in dirty houses, 900; in dirty school rooms, with poor ventilation, 2,000 living bacteria.

It has been found that sweeping

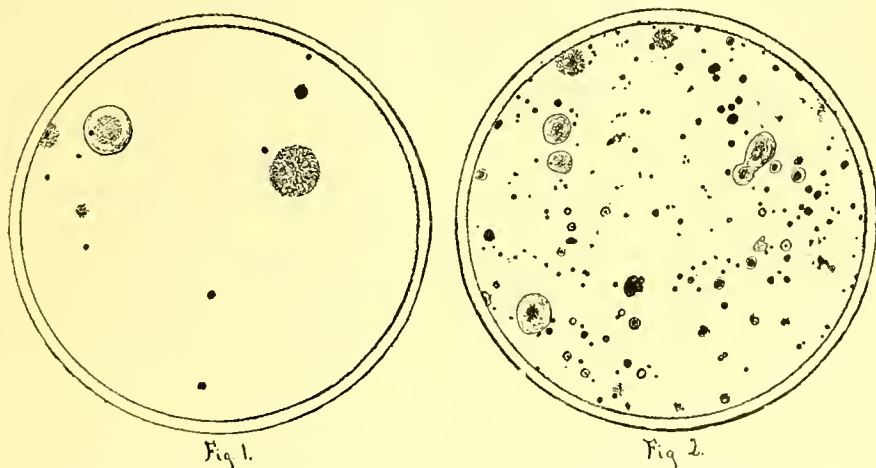


PLATE \* —EFFECT OF SWEEPING ON THE NUMBER OF MICRO-ORGANISMS IN THE AIR.  
FIG. 1.—Plate analysis of the air in a hospital ward before sweeping. Five minutes exposure.  
FIG. 2.—Analysis of air in the same ward just after sweeping. Five minutes exposure.

bring in from the streets upon our shoes or clothing. The accumulation of waste in our homes and public places furnishes the greatest proportion of the bacterial ingredients of in-door air. It has been demonstrated that germs are more numerous in the air of bed-rooms just after the beds have been made and the room put in order. According to the analyses of Tucker in the wards of the Boston City Hospital, about midnight after the wards had

and the general routine of cleaning a room multiplies the number of germs seventy times. The number of living germs in the air of a room before and after sweeping is graphically shown in the accompanying plate. This room was a carefully kept hospital ward. Greater differences exist in rooms that are not frequently and carefully swept and dusted. For example, in a carpeted living room 75 bacteria settled on the plate in five minutes

before sweeping, when the air was still; just after sweeping 2,700 bacteria settled on the plate in the same length of time. Now that these conditions really exist what are the best methods of cleansing our homes of these dangers. The safest way seems to be careful sweeping and dusting. When a room is to be cleaned, all moveable furniture should be carefully dusted with a clean damp cloth and removed from the room. A feather duster has no power save for distribution. A dry cloth duster is not much better. The dust is simply wiped off from one place to settle in another. The damp cloth is the only duster that has the power of rendering the living elements of the dust harmless.

The windows and doors should be opened and the room swept carefully. A small brush for corners and a good carpet sweeper for the rest of the room are much more effective than the ordinary broom. For bare floors a long-handled soft

brush is best. After sweeping, the air should be allowed to become quiet, and the dust settle for an hour or two. The walls should then be carefully wiped with a damp cloth; all stationary furniture, doors and windows should be cleaned or wiped with a damp cloth. After all else in the room has been freed from dust the carpet should be wiped with a cloth wrung out of water containing a little ammonia—two tablespoons to a gallon of water. This not only brightens the carpet but removes the dust so completely that there is no material left with which to make fluff. The cloth must never be a wet one, but wrung till nearly dry. If fluff still appears, remember that it is the cleanest form of dirt, and that there is no way to prevent its appearance. The small rugs, draperies and hangings should be taken out of doors and carefully sunned and dusted.

The disease-producing bacteria will be briefly considered in our next article.

#### WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH AGAIN.

By Ella Higginson.

Oh, every year hath its winter  
And every year hath its rain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds come North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,  
And grass springs green on the plain,  
And the alder's vein turns crimson—  
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,  
And every heart hath its pain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,  
If courage be on the wane,  
When the cold, dark days are over—  
Why, the birds come North again.



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#### THEOLOGICAL

James E. Talmage	John M. Mills
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#### PARENTS' CLASS

Joseph W. Summerhays	Henry H. Rolapp
Stephen L. Richards	

John A. Burt,	-	Business Manager
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SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY, 1908

## Take No Thought.

At one time, when Jesus was on the mount of Olives, Peter, James and John, and Andrew, came to Him privately and put certain questions to Him. In the course of His answer to these questions, Jesus said, "But when they shall lead you and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost."

This doctrine has been pretty

generally taken up by the Latter-day Saints, and has been practised, too, by them. Time and time again, the operation of the Holy Ghost has been made manifest. Men have been given new and wonderful thoughts and words in which to express them; and sometimes, even, passages of scripture, never before read, have been given at times of need. There can be no question then, that it is possible, under proper conditions, to follow the injunction of the Savior, for the Holy Ghost can and will give inspiration.

However, many missionaries have taken the words of the Savior to mean more than He intended. In accordance with their interpretation of the passage, they have gone out into the world, without preparation, and have remained there, without preparation, trusting wholly to the promise that the Holy Ghost should speak through them. Of course, such lack of appreciation of the true spirit of the Savior's words can be due only to ignorance, or to—laziness. Faith and works go together, in this as in other things. And "faith without works is dead."

But it is not only a certain class of missionaries—home and foreign—that think they can perform work without effort. Unfortunately, there are in our Sunday schools a few teachers cast in the same mold. The lesson is from the life of Christ. They expect the students in the class to prepare the lessons. Yet, these teachers hope to be able, through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, successfully and satisfactorily to teach the lesson and explain its difficult parts, without any self-preparation on their part. The Holy

Spirit, however, has never placed a premium on laziness. Laziness brings its own reward, spelled *failure*.

Now, what the Savior really meant, when He said "Take no thought," was that when haled before men and accused His disciples should premeditate no defense, but the Holy Ghost would be their defender. As applied to the work of missionaries and teachers, we may safely presume that the Savior meant this: Study at all times, so that at any time, you may be able to give appropriate instruction on any subject as the Spirit shall direct. For note what He has said to us in latter days. To Hyrum Smith, the Lord said at one time through the Prophet Joseph, "Seek not to declare my word, but first seek to obtain my word, and then shall your tongue be loosed; then, if you desire, you shall have my Spirit and my word, yea, the power of God unto the convincing of men; but now hold your peace, study my word which has gone forth among the children of men, and also study my word which shall come forth among the children of men, or that which is now translating, yea, until you have obtained all which I shall grant unto the children of men in this generation and then shall all things be added thereto." At another time, the Lord said to Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer, "Behold, I say unto you, that you shall let your time be devoted to the *studying of the scriptures*, and to preaching, and to confirming the Church at Colesville . . . ." And again, the Lord says, "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom: seek learning even by study, and also by faith."

It is quite evident, then, that the Savior did not intend that men

should not strive to prepare themselves for the ministry, but should rely merely upon the Spirit. Before the preaching of the word comes the studying of it. When the mind is stored with information, then it is, as a rule, that the Spirit helps best to arrange and select the material for a particular occasion. But the preparation comes before the inspiration. God helps those who help themselves.

We are beginning now upon a new year. The work of our Sunday Schools during the coming year should be better than ever before. We are to strive this year, not only to interest and instruct the children already in our schools, but also to attract the twenty thousand not at present enrolled. To succeed in this we must understand the scriptures aright. Let us have no laggards, no shirkers in our ranks. Let no teacher again go unprepared before her class trusting to the Holy Spirit to teach the lesson. But let us all work, work, work. Then the Spirit will come to our assistance. No matter where we may be, or what the question asked, we need take no thought, nor premeditate. The Holy Spirit will select the proper information from the storehouse of the mind, and place it in our mouths. It will be the Holy Ghost that speaks.

### Answers to Questions.

A subscriber submits the following question:

"If a person should comply with the first principles of the Gospel honestly and sincerely, and thus become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and should afterwards fall into transgression and be cut off from the Church, would he have to answer for those sins he had committed before he was baptized, or only for those he com-

mitted after he was baptized, and of which he has not repented?"

Forgiveness is based upon a Godly repentance and the keeping of the covenant. The violation of the covenant relieves the Lord of obligation and returns the sinner to his previous state. Or rather, it puts him in a state worse than his previous one; for by his transgression he ignores and violates the covenant on which his forgiveness was predicated and adds to his former sins the sin of apostasy. Consult the following references in the Doctrine and Covenants: 20: 83; 85: 3-5, 11, 12; 76: 34-48; 41: 1; 84: 40, 41.

### Black Gipsy.

Under the caption *Black Gipsy and Other Stories* appears a neat little book, written by John Henry Evans at the request of the General Board of Religion Classes. Brother Evans is already known to the literary world as the author of *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*, *Tales of a Grandmother*, *Short Stories from Church History*, and numerous magazine articles.

*Black Gipsy* is an excursion into the field of juvenile literature, of which, as the author remarks in the Introduction, there is a noticeable lack among the Latter-day Saints. The story of the pet pony, Black Gipsy; of Willie's Pumpkin and the wonderful case of healing; of the founding of the Church; of Peter Van Tromp, the afflicted boy of Holland, of Mahonri Moriancumer and his almost unexampled faith; together with other interesting things, told in a way to fascinate the children. Occasionally the author enters upon dangerous ground,

as when he attempts to put in story form a case of remarkable healing—a thing that should really be substantiated by evidence. But on the whole, the stories form a notable and worthy attempt to fill a long-felt want in our midst. *Black Gipsy and Other Stories* should find more than one friend in every home. And we hope that this will not be the last effort to supply our children with suitable literature. There is an abundance of material in our Church. May we not hope that others, too, will use their talents to help the young.

### Two Feasts.

Near the middle of this number we present half-tone reproductions of two famous paintings representing the first and last great feasts attended by our Savior after He began His ministry. The first is "The Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese. In this painting, Veronese has used the costumes of his contemporaries, and shows in other ways that he is indebted to the world about him for many suggestions. His work displays wonderful vitality with strong control of technicalities.

The second reproduction is of the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. The theme is "One of you shall betray me." The splendid dignity of the composition is evident to all.

### PARENTS' CLASS OUTLINES.

An error has occurred on page 75 of this issue wherein it states that Parents' Class Outlines are quoted as being on sale for 30c. The correct price is 35c.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

## Local Board Meetings.

Local Board meeting should be the place, time and occasion for the gathering together of all the officers and teachers of the school. It should not be for teachers only, but for all the officers as well. The policy of the school is there outlined and decided upon; all the little differences of opinion are overcome; and each one is prepared to take his share of the burden with a full knowledge of what is to be expected as a result of the labor. In addition each prepares his individual work according to his peculiar calling and the conditions which surround him, consulting with and considering the thoughts and opinions of his fellow worker in the department or class.

The Local Board meeting should be held each week, should be of at least one and one-half hours' duration and, if I were to express my preference I would say, should be held on a week-day evening. There are two principal reasons for my preference: first, ample time can be given for the necessary work to be accomplished; second, after a week-night meeting there is still time to look up any additional information or to prepare such illustrative material as may be deemed necessary, before presenting the lesson or performing the particular duty in hand.

As to the details of the meeting; if we bear in mind that we come together to work, we will have brief, appropriate opening exercises, pertinent instructions from the superintendency, and then separate into departments.

The superintendency will council over any necessary items but spend most of the time among the workers, observing their work and progress and giving counsel and help where needed.

The secretary-treasurer and assistant will become busy getting records into proper order and up to date, recording minutes, etc.

The chorister and the organist and assistants will look over the musical program, preparing and practising same, so that they are thoroughly in harmony.

Librarian-usher and assistant will supply the wants of all the other officers and teachers for books of reference and other such material, and then look after the library generally, receive such instructions as the superintendency may desire to give and instructions regarding care of the books, to the officers and teachers so that they in turn may teach the children to properly care for the school property.

The teachers will compare notes on the lessons, plan for the development and presentation of them, and suggest such supplemental work as will be necessary in driving home the truth to be obtained by the children. The assignment of teachers and pupils and a discussion of the general welfare of the class will be taken up.

The closing exercises of the meeting will be short.

Now, how do these ideas work out in actual Sunday School practice?

I have in mind a school whose officers and teachers have held a Local Board meeting on a week night for a number of years past; nothing



has discouraged them; in season and out of season they have kept at it; more than 75 per cent of these officers and teachers are together each week in a good, earnest meeting for work and once a month, after their work is over they indulge in a little social play together. The net result of all their past labor is a united band of workers and an excellent school, full of the spirit of progress. The boys and girls, young and old, take pride and pleasure in their membership. This school is always ready to accept the suggestions of the General Board and of the Stake Board.

Some schools there are whose officers and teachers prefer to meet in Local Board meeting on Sunday morning. A good example of this kind is one I know of where everyone is prompt, meeting begins at 9 o'clock and after opening exercises and business they devote about twenty-five minutes to department work. Here also they are united, have an excellent school, the members take a pride in it and are always ready for the advice and counsel of those in authority over them.

This latter Local Board meeting brings good results, but the former one brings more of them because more time can be and is devoted to the work. Practically all the workers in these two schools are deeply in earnest about the work they are doing.

I have seen other schools where the Local Board meeting was held, but began from five to twenty-five minutes late, the workers(?) straggled in from nine o'clock until nine fifty and practically no one seemed interested in the work. There was no unity because nothing was presented to become united on. The school, like the Local Board meeting, was an indifferent one and no

one had any pride in claiming membership in it.

In my experience the greatest progress and the most success comes to the school that has a live, active Local Board meeting, where officers and teachers meet together and discuss their theories concerning the work to be done and lessons to be given and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit decide on the plan to be pursued and the doctrine to be taught.

*Gco. H. Wallace,*  
Supt. Ensign Stake.

### The Sunday School Teachers' Local Monthly Meeting.

#### *Fellow Sunday School Worker:*

Do you have a practical belief in the last clause of the 13th Article of Faith? And are you making Sunday School work a "business?" If to these questions you offer an affirmative reply, we shall presume that this article may prove of some interest to you, and furthermore that then we can vouch for your willingness to accept "by adoption" any scheme, plan or system that bears the approved stamp of "warranted to stand the test." Proceeding, therefore, from the premise that united effort in Sunday School work is essential to success, we shall form our conclusion as to the efficacy of this proposed plan by means of the recital of real experiences.

We are visitors at a certain Sunday School which we shall designate as Ward B. At 9 a. m. the entire teaching force is ready for business. Preliminaries consume very little time, consisting merely of song, prayer, and reading of necessary notices. Signal for separation into departments is followed by vigorous preparatory work on the part of

the several groups. Review, lesson and preview receive in order as much consideration as the allotted time permits.

At 9:50 the gong signals prompt dismissal, and in a moment teachers have assumed their respective places among the boys and girls. Ten o'clock announces the beginning of Sunday School. The prescribed program is carried out, classes are conducted, school re-assembled, dismissal comes, then follows the separation. No provision is made for a meeting during the week.

You have observed the almost breathless haste with which this by no means exceptional but rather usual procedure has been followed. Now ask yourself if this is a typical Sunday School and if your own school might be placed in the same class.

Have you noted the entire lack of provision for officers and teachers for the discussion of subjects vital to the entire school and for the encouragement of a more intimate acquaintance among the corps?

Once more, then, let us turn to a Sunday School, but this time to one that has studiously considered the demands of a progressive organization. It is evening. We are ushered into the house of one of the kind members of the ward and shown places in a spacious room where the entire Sunday School force is awaiting the arrival of seven-thirty o'clock. The occasion is one of freedom and ease. Business is announced. The opening exercises are conducted, after which the superintendent asks for information from each of the department heads, calling for a comprehensive statistical report of their respective divisions for the past month. Comments, questions and discussions

from any member present are solicited. Following this "S" (statistics) comes "Studies" (the second S). The ground covered during the period specified is carefully described and results of class-work briefly stated. "Students" completes this discussion of the three S's. Under this topic are considered the absentees, the indifferent and the troublesome; missionary work and home visitations.

Notice the keen attention which has attended the giving of these reports, and the healthy spirit of friendly rivalry between departments for a record-breaking showing in actual tangible results. In one department a certain method has proved successful; in another a condition exists which demands immediate attention, and for which a remedy is being sought from the entire teaching body. The slogan is here made effective: One department for all—and all for one.

Supplementing these reports come discussions of subjects germane to the local Sunday School cause. These are suggested by the superintendency, who, in their own special meeting, previously held, have prepared data for presentation here.

An hour has been thus occupied. A short talk on some vital subject is given by one chosen on account of his ability to handle that particular theme and to make local application of it.

The superintendency now present in serial order carefully prepared recommendations, suggestions, or instructions which pertain to the general welfare of the school. New plans are submitted and promptly acted upon by the teachers; methods for improved discipline are given; obscure or neglected points are brought out in bold relief; defects

in Sunday School procedure are pointed out and remedies suggested.

Absolute unanimity reigns, and every teacher has had opportunities to familiarize herself with the operations of all departments and further to obtain definite knowledge of the system of manipulating the entire Sunday School.

A few moments devoted to possible miscellaneous work such as assignments and appointments are followed by the formal closing.

Just at this juncture the genial hostess begs that her guests prolong their visit. This is interpreted to mean a general hand-shaking, exchange of courtesies, and expressions of mutual confidence and support in the cause. Music punctuates this time of merriment, and a rich outpouring of sociability is both seen and felt.

What about opportunities for study of each other's ideals and aspirations? An abundance. There is exhibited here a unified whole, a composite body of men and women who, filled with the spirit of Sunday School work, have this night received such force and power for good that the very atmosphere is pregnant with a holy influence.

Reluctantly, they depart and the local monthly meeting is at an end. These are the teachers who re-assemble the following Sabbath morning ready and willing to breathe into the susceptible souls of Zion's youth words of love for God and His glorious gospel. To them the 9 o'clock meeting is not one of study but of rounding out the lessons already studied and planned. Should such a system appeal to the conscientious teacher? If you decide it is worthy of emulation adopt it. If you see in it the possible means for elevating your own school, grasp it

with willing hands and heart. If it promises to be a panacea for most of your Sunday School ailments—thank the Lord that the remedy is prescribed: more time and attention to the work and more sociability among the teaching force; both of which are found harmoniously blended in the local monthly meeting. If, then, you are making of Sunday School work a "business," imitate the movement and may the Lord bless your efforts.

*A. C. Rees,*  
Salt Lake Stake.

### Attention, Secretaries!

The annual stake statistical report should reach the General Secretary by February 1st. If it has not already been forwarded please send it in without delay. Every ward secretary who has failed to make report to the stake secretary is putting the stake officers in the position of delinquents; so, brethren and sisters, be prompt in the performance of this duty. In making up reports the question of revision of rolls has again arisen. We quote the rule of the Board on the subject as follows:

"Rolls should be revised but once a year, and then under the direction of the superintendency; no name should be stricken therefrom, except in case of death, removal from ward or absolute refusal to return to the school (and as to the latter only by direction of the superintendency), but at the beginning of the year the names of those members who have not been in attendance for six months, yet who still reside in the ward and have not absolutely refused to return to the school, may be taken from the active roll, and placed on the supplemental roll, which latter should be

known as the "Missionary Roll" and be made the basis for missionary work until the names thereon are stricken off by being replaced upon the active roll or for one of the three reasons given above."

### The Library.

A library has been defined, in general, as a collection of books, pamphlets, etc., kept for reading and consultation, especially, such a collection arranged to facilitate reference, as by classification and indexing. A circulating library is one from which books can be taken for use at home or elsewhere under certain restrictions—distinguished from a reference library where books may be consulted but not carried away.

Every Sunday School should possess a good library. It may be but a small one to begin with, consisting of a few of the best works for reference only, and be enlarged as means and circumstances will allow. All the books in it should be, as far as possible, those of the greatest value to the Sunday School: first, for reference by teachers and pupils; and, second, for reading in school or at home. The purpose of the library is to get the books into use and therefore it should be made convenient and attractive to induce the members of the school to consult or read the books so as to get the most good out of them.

Every library, even the smallest, should be properly classified and catalogued. This is to prevent loss of time and books. To classify books is to arrange them in groups; each group containing as nearly as possible, all the books treating on one subject; for instance, works on

doctrine, history, biography, travel stories, etc., After the books are classified, they should then be catalogued, that is, they should be numbered and registered neatly in a suitable record, and then be placed in their order on the shelves.

Books that are loaned should be registered in a separate record, stating number and title of book issued, to whom loaned, date when taken from the library, and when returned. A strict record should be kept of every book so that it can be located at any time. A time limit should be placed on borrowed books and be lived up to strictly. If more time is necessary a new transaction should be entered on the register.

The care of the books, charts, etc., is also important in having a good library. Books of moderate size should stand upon shelves, but large books keep better if laid upon their sides. They should not be piled up very high, nor wedged tightly between the shelves. The timely use of a little liquid glue or good paste in repairs, and the straightening of turned-down corners and leaves will often preserve the neat appearance of the books and make them last much longer. They should occasionally be taken from the shelves and wiped gently with a soft cloth. In brief, the library should be clean, neat, convenient and attractive.

### Parents' Class.

#### PARENTS' CLASS ROLL BOOKS.

We notice that in many of the parents' classes the ordinary Sunday School roll book is being used. It is not intended by the general board that this should be so. A spe-



cial roll book has been gotten out for the parents' classes, and it is desired that this book be used for the reason that it contains information that is of interest as well as of value to all engaged in parents' class work. We therefore trust, that, where the ordinary Sunday School roll books are being used, they be discarded and the parents' class roll book be substituted. These can be obtained by writing to the business department of the Deseret Sunday School Union, 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City.

#### PARENTS' CLASS SUPERVISORS.

In establishing Parents' classes in the Sunday Schools of the Church, great care must be taken in selecting the proper persons for class supervisors. With good super- sors the success of the class is assured. Where the reverse is the case the class will dwindle and perhaps die out altogether. Where this occurs it will be found very hard to resurrect the class again no matter how good the second supervisor may be. We cannot impress too strongly upon the ward superintendents the necessity of starting their parents' classes in such a manner that they will be successful from the start. The chief supervisor should be a man of wide experience, in travel and as a husband and father, be well versed in the doctrines of the Church, have the faculty of drawing people to him and understanding what it is to be a supervisor, for the latter is in no sense a teacher or a lecturer. In as much as the membership in the Parents' classes is mixed—that is to say, composed of males and females, it has been deemed wise that among the assistants given to the chief supervisor, one should be a lady. In selecting

the sister for this position great care should be taken that some one of wide experience as a wife, and mother, and possessing much tact and wisdom, be chosen. With such supervisors as these there is no question that the classes will be successful and accomplish the mission for which they were created.

#### PARENTS' CLASS ESSAYS AND LESSONS

The little volume just issued from the press for use in the parents' classes contains a series of essays and lessons on Child Culture which we think will be valuable to parents everywhere. We wish to call the attention of Stake workers and Ward Superintendents, Class Supervisors and all others interested to the fact that while this book is for use in the parents' classes it is also suitable for home reading. Further, parents who cannot attend the classes regularly will be able to keep up with the class work by having one of these books and perusing its pages. We trust, therefore, that class supervisors everywhere will not only see that the members of their classes are provided with this volume but that it also gets into the hands of parents generally. The price of the booklet will be thirty cents.

#### PARENTS' CLASS STAKE WORKERS.

At a recent meeting of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union the following resolution was passed: That wherever practicable a lady supervisor be appointed in connection with a brother as Parents' class worker on the stake boards, provided, however, that especial attention be paid to the fitness of the sister so appointed. The reason for this resolution was this: In very many of the wards

sisters have been appointed as assistant supervisors and as the Parents' department at the Union meeting is of a mixed character, a lady supervisor should be appointed on the stake board, so that, if for any reason, the sisters might sometimes want to meet by themselves there would be a stake worker ready to take charge of such a gathering. Those interested in setting in order stake organizations will therefore follow out the spirit of this resolution in appointing stake department workers for Parents' classes.

### Theological Department.

#### LESSONS FOR THE FOURTH YEAR.

In accordance with announcements made at the beginning of last year, outlines for the lessons constituting the second and fourth year courses in this department have now been published. As to the fourth year set of outlines, the first three lessons of the course were printed in the *Juvenile Instructor* for January, to avoid delay in case the published booklet failed to reach all the schools by the beginning of the year.

The outlines for the fourth year form the most comprehensive set of lessons on the doctrines of the Church yet published. They have been prepared with due regard to the fact that the classes in which they are to be used are composed of students of experience, presumably well trained in the work of the three preceding years, and able to pursue a relatively advanced and thorough study of the principles of the Gospel.

The relation between this course of lessons and those that have been already followed should be kept in mind by both teachers and pupils.

The first year's work in the Theological Department was devoted to the study of "Jesus, the Christ." This was followed in natural sequence during the second year by a consideration of the apostolic age and the period of the great apostasy—chronologically a continuation of ecclesiastical history from "the meridian of time." The third year lessons dealt with the restored Church historically considered, comprising the principal events connected with the establishment and growth of the Church in this "the dispensation of the fulness of times." Now follows in order the study of the tenets and doctrines of the restored Church, the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as set forth in scripture both ancient and modern.

The general purpose and plan of the whole series should be kept in view as well as the particular aim by which each separate lesson is characterized.

To derive the greatest good from the last and most advanced course of lessons, careful and conscientious study is imperative on the part of teachers and members. The outlines are not given as a completed plan of work done; on the contrary they embody a plan of work to be done. As stated in the prefatory note, the outlines are adapted to students' use; they are by no means a teacher's guide alone. Every member of every class should possess and use a copy of the outlines in a week-day study and in Sunday School sessions.

In none of the courses of Theological Department work is the tendency to drift into debate and argument stronger than in this course dealing with the whole range of doctrinal study. Due caution and care should be exercised in

guarding against unprofitable disputation. Debate is essentially different from earnest and sincere discussion. Debate easily becomes a mere contest of strength, a verbal wrestling match in which the stronger not necessarily the better contestant wins. Let us strive not for triumph but for truth.

Our authoritative guide in the study of the principles of the Gospel is found in the standard works of the Church, embodying the word of the Lord, through revelation to His people. Hold firmly to this the iron rod of truth, and you will not be swept away by sophistry. The Board has done its part in preparing and publishing this series of lessons for the older and more mature members of the Theological Department, and to such we say, now do your part: be up and doing and the Lord be with you.

## Second Intermediate Department.

The writer of the article for the Second Intermediate Department of last issue, tells us "that for the falling out of the pupils, especially the boys in this department, it seems that the peculiarities of the nature of youth may be the most fundamental and fruitful of causes." This period in the lives of young people presents one of the most difficult of educational problems.

A harbor most exposed, where the storm waves beat the fiercest, is the harbor that will be most carefully watched and strongly fortified. These years of change, of indecision, when youth and maid are testing their own powers, and adjusting themselves to the larger life that is opening before them are the years that demand most of the home and school.

These boys and girls should have the very best teachers; because it requires much to touch and to hold them. A man, full of life and energy, who does things, will usually appeal to the boys and will not usually offend the girls. Not long ago I listened to a conversation in which three boys took part. It ran in this wise:

"Say, Jack, you want to come back to school now; we've got a new teacher, a dandy; it isn't a bit of fun to tease him. The first day he came, I was pasting it to Bill Daniels in good shape, and the other kids were making a deuce of a noise. He said, 'Cut it out fellows until you get out of doors, and then I'll lick the whole bunch of you.' He can do most everything, can't he, Fred? His lessons are fine."

It was this conversation, so characteristic of the boys of this age that led me to visit the class and look for practical results. I found that the boys who had simply made life unbearable for their former teacher, a very good man, were giving rapt attention to this new teacher. And the hero of the story, who, as he himself expressed it, was pasting it to Bill Daniels, was the most active boy in the class. The pupils were asking all sorts of interesting questions, as well as giving very good answers to the questions put to them. The teacher was animated, full of appreciation of the boys' ideals, one who showed his love for them without being effeminate. I am sure those boys would have sacrificed most anything for their teacher.

Very often it is a man who has great influence in this particular period, but occasionally women are so strongly attracted to the boy with lots of energy and life, that they are able to meet the demands. As I

write, I call to mind a woman who largely directs the lives of ten boys whose confidence and love she has fully won by her tact and ingenuity.

The teacher who really desires to be successful in his work must prepare his lesson. Teachers who read from outlines before their classes, or lean on them in any large measure, will rarely interest any class of pupils, much less the boys and girls of this period. These boys and girls should feel the whole strength of their teacher's personality; all the vital, intellectual, and spiritual strength he has, he should put into their lives. This can never be done by the man or woman who mistakes his outline for a crutch, when it is really intended for a guide.

Then, too, these young people demand that we give them something worth while. They have outgrown the material that interests a child, and they can not grapple with that which appeals to men and women. Nevertheless, they demand new material, and such material the successful teacher is forced to provide for them.

Boys and girls of this age are extremely critical. They have rarely developed in any large degree the Christian virtues of charity or gratitude, but they are prone to sit in judgment on their elders, and are very quick to notice that the men and women who set them standards of life, do not live up to the standards they set. They have strong likes and dislikes, and fortunate is the man or woman who obtains their good will.

### First Intermediate Department.

Lessons provided for the month of February in the second year's course embrace two great topics.

The first of these (lesson 4 of the outlines) is the Tower of Babel. The result emphasizes the fact that men cannot thwart the purposes of God. The plan of the universe is known to the Creator from the beginning, and the results will be in accordance with that plan, let men or nations seek to change it as they may. That men have their own agency, is true. And that they by their own acts influence their own destiny, is also true. But the general plan they cannot change because that plan was founded upon the laws of God Himself, and effect follows cause with unerring certainty. The purpose of the Lord in confounding the language of those who engaged in the hopeless task of building the proposed tower was as wise and beneficent as their plan was audacious and foolish. The lesson is brief and simple yet should be carefully studied by every teacher in the department and individuality here as in every other lesson shows in its presentation.

ABRAHAM.

The subject of lesson five is one of the rugged characters in the history of the Bible and of the human race. By Christian and Hebrew alike Abraham is regarded as "The Father of the Faithful." The Savior Himself when He desired to show that the poor man who, although worthy, had suffered much in mortal life, was blessed in the next world (Luke 16: 22), tells us: "And the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Abraham, indeed possessed all the elements that make men great: generosity to his companions; fidelity to his friends; great intelligence; wide experience; respect for the representative of the



Lord (in the person of Melchisedek the High Priest of the Lord unto whom Abraham paid tithes); and above all, perfect faith in God. This faith enabled Abraham to perform duties before which he naturally would have quailed. And also enabled him to keep all of the commandments of the Lord unto him. So perfect was his faith and this compliance with the laws and commandments of the Lord that Abraham attained the proud distinction of being the first one by whose name the Lord, in speaking to Israel ever afterward delighted to be known—for the Lord in speaking to His chosen people, repeatedly referred to Himself as the "God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." Because, too, of this unfaltering faith, and compliance with the requirements of the Lord, the promise was made unto Abraham that his seed should be multiplied "as the stars of heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea shore;" and it was also promised him that "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." (Gen. 22: 17-18.)

Lesson 6 is left for the teacher to outline—using the outline of the preceding lessons as an example; but working out an outline that shall develop the individuality of the teacher: all details, including the selection of the aim being left to the Stake or Ward teachers, and the subject alone (Isaac as a Sacrifice) being suggested by the General Board. The mode of life of Abraham and his family (traveling from place to place with their flocks and herds of various animals) will be found especially interesting to children of the first intermediate grade. While the object is to teach the great moral truths of these lessons, the children's interest can be developed and maintained by the teach-

er's skilful use of references to nomadic life. Every teacher should acquaint himself with authentic information on the country traversed; the animals owned by Abraham and the people of that day as well as their habits and customs.

### Infants in Primary and Kindergarten Departments.

Should children under four years of age be sent to kindergarten or primary departments of our Sunday Schools? Attention is frequently directed to the benefits accruing to children who in their earliest infancy form the habit of attending this organization, and no well informed person can deny that lasting good results from such attendance. Indeed, in asking the question at the beginning of this article, it was not desired to minimize the advantages derived from the earliest possible acquaintance with religious work. At the same time there is grave doubt in the minds of many close observers as to whether the disadvantages do not nearly if not entirely offset all that is gained. Everyone will concede that children under the age of four years do much to distract the teachers and to take the minds of all the pupils away from their work. Their brothers and sisters, in whose care these little ones are usually placed, seldom have much control over their charges and in trying to keep them quiet, they themselves lose the benefits of the lesson. The result, therefore, that a comparatively large number of children are interfered with in order that a few may be benefited.

At the same time, it is not deemed necessary to leave these little ones at home. Ever since the organization of the parents' depart-

ment, parents have been urged to come to Sunday School and bring their little ones with them. They can usually control their children, and even where there is more or less noise it does not distract the older ones as it does the pupils in the kindergarten and primary departments.

### Sunday School Notes.



JAMES M. FLAKE.

James M. Flake whose picture we present herewith, began his active Sunday School labors in 1889. In October of that year he returned from a mission to England. He was called to the Snowflake Sunday School at once, and given charge of the second intermediate department. Not long after, he was called to the superintendency of that school; and on Dec. 2, 1899, he was called to the superintendency of the Sunday Schools of the stake. Elder Flake labored faithfully in his responsible stake position until February, 1907, when he was released to take up other work. The JUVENILE wishes him continued success.



JAMES H. LAMBERT.

James H. Lambert was born in Salt Lake City, Oct. 27, 1856. In 1861 his family moved to Kamas, Summit Co., and there he became a member of the first Sunday School organized in the district, in 1867. This Sunday School met in a log cabin with dirt floor, and slab benches.

Elder Lambert went on a mission to Holland in 1889, and in 1892 he was made superintendent of the Sunday School in Rotterdam. On the twenty-third of January, 1893, after his return from the Holland mission, Elder Lambert was made superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Wasatch stake. This position he filled with diligence till October 20, 1907, when he was released. Success attend him.



JAMES N. LAMBERT.

The picture herewith presented is that of James Needham Lambert, the lately retired Pioneer Stake Sunday School Superintendent. Elder Lambert was born in Salt Lake City, June 18, 1876. The Seventhward Sunday school possessed no pupil in his day with a better record than he, either for attendance or efficiency. He was so engaged continuously until he was eighteen years of age, when he was called to fill a mission in New Zealand. There he labored, chiefly among the Maoris, for more than three years, teaching in the Sunday Schools of the natives constituting part of his labor. On returning from his mission he became a teacher in the Sunday School of the Seventh Ward, where he resided. In the spring of 1904, when the Pioneer Stake was organized, he was selected to act as Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools. Elder Lambert being, however, one of the presidents of the Twenty-third Quorum of Seventy, he was honorably released a short time ago, and one of his assistants, Elder C. C. Neslen, was chosen to succeed him, with Elders Theodore

T. Burton and Edward E. Jenkins as his assistants. On the occasion of Elder Lambert's retirement, Stake President McLachlan expressed the general regret felt at having to dispense with his services, and paid a glowing tribute to his efficient work.

In this number we publish two short articles on Local Board meetings. The first considers the question of the weekly meeting, outlines the nature of the work and suggests the best time for holding the Local Board meeting. The second one recommends the holding once a month a special business and social Local Board meeting, and discusses the advantage to the Sunday School of such a meeting. This meeting, it will be noticed, is barely referred to by the writer of the first paper. Now, we are sure that the thoughts expressed in these papers will not suit every one in the many Sunday Schools of the Church. We are anxious, however, to grow—to expand—to get the best of all the good that is to be had. Let us then hear from you. What do you think of these things? What, in your opinion, is the best way to obtain results in the Sunday School? We extend an open invitation to all Sunday School workers to correspond with us and to contribute to the columns of the JUVENILE. We publish these two papers now; we have some others on hand from Sunday School workers that we shall publish later.

### A Letter from Japan.

TOKYO, JAPAN, Nov. 19, 1907.

*Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards,*  
*Salt Lake City, Utah,*

DEAR SISTER:—Enclosed is the original and translation of a letter

addressed to "The Letter-Box." The writer of the original is a little girl who has been coming to our Tokyo Sunday School for nearly a year and a half. Neither of her parents and none of her relatives are Later-day Saints, and she is still out of the Church, although a very diligent attendant of our school. This is the first Christian Sunday School she ever attended; and here she first learned the name of our Savior and the story of His faultless life. The Sunday School lessons have been so interesting to her, that she has thrown her whole heart into the work and is making a fine record in her class. She has learned to love the Lord.

The other day I visited her home and was pleased to see and hear of the doings of the little one at home. Her aunt, with whom she is living told me that a great change had come over the child since she started to Sunday School. They said that her delight in the school had been somewhat transmitted to them, and while they could not come to school themselves they delighted in sending the girl. She also said that every morning and night the little girl kneels down by the side of her bed and, with bowed head, prays to her "Father in Heaven" in the name of Jesus Christ. "The little girl," she said, "is so earnest in her prayers that she will not say good morning or anything else to us before she says her prayers to God."

I would like to say in explanation of the reference made in the little letter accompanying regarding her going to another Sunday School that she did not leave our school of her own volition, but she was advised and influenced by some of her relatives to go to the Methodist church's Sunday School. The first time she attended that school, the





### From Farthest North.

The accompanying picture is from a photograph of the Narvick Sunday School, north of the arctic circle. It was organized June 16, 1907, by Elders John P. Piepgrass and Marion Mortensen, with eight members. There is now an enroll-

the help of the Lord," says Elder Piepgrass, "we will be able to accomplish some good with our Sunday School work here in the far north. It is only about three or four years since the elders first started to labor in this city. It also has the distinction of being the most northern railway station on earth.



ment of thirty-two and average attendance of twenty-four. Most of the members are non-Mormons. Only three of the children are of Mormon parentage, and fifteen of non-Mormon parentage. These are all in the primary class. There are also four non-Mormons in the theological class. "I think that with

On that account, there are many people here from the southern part of Norway. Most of them are more friendly than those that live here in Nordland all the time. We are holding our Sunday School in a private house of one of the Saints."

# Pleasantries.

## HIS FAVORITE PARABLE.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have of course heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied:

"I guess I like that one where somebody loafis and fishes."

## THE ETERNAL QUERY.

Adam awoke and saw Eve.

"Here I am, dear," the first woman remarked sweetly. "Have you been waiting long?"

## AN ORTHODOX EXPLANATION.

A mother was giving her little girl a bath, when she said, "I wonder where this dust on the water came from?"

Small Girl: Perhaps I leak somewhere, mama. You know, I'm made of dust.

## A SUBURBAN STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

At the Boston Public Library they have a system for the delivery of books in the suburbs.

This order was once received from a suburban patron:

*Dear Mr. Librarian:*—Please to send me the following books: "The House of Three Gables," "The Vision of Sir Longfellow," and "The Last of the Mohegians," by John Milton, and greatly oblige.

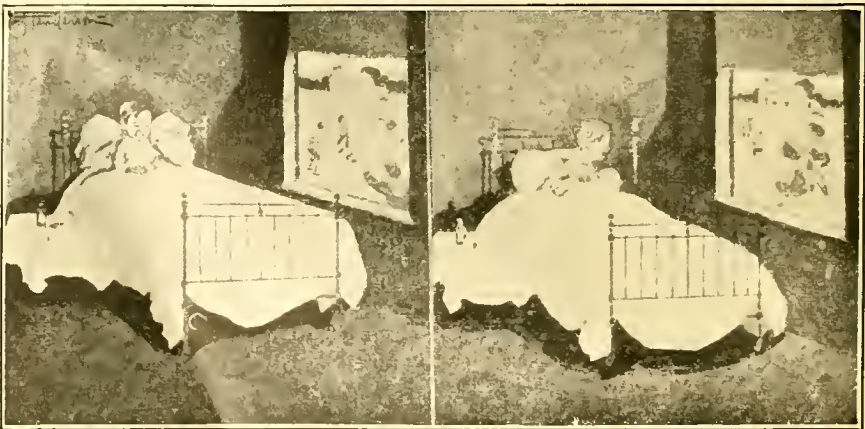
## SHIRTS AND SHIRTS.

She was a dear old lady, but she lived at Hardscrabble, and was a bit behind the times. She had been reading the advertisements in a city newspaper chance had brought her way.

"Father," she asked her husband, "what is these here negligee shirts they talk about?"

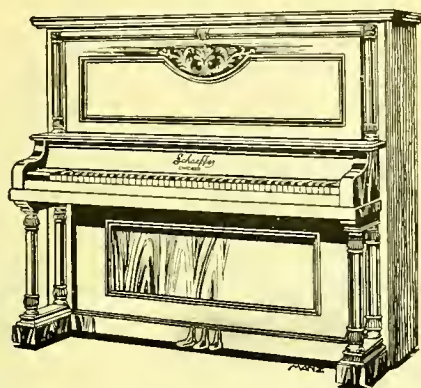
Father, being a man, was equal to the occasion.

"Don't know what they be?" he grinned. "Well, you *are* a back-number.. Negligee shirts ain't quite so stiff and choky as a b'iled shirt—I mean a reg'lar *hard-b'iled* shirt. A negligee shirt is something you might call a soft-b'iled shirt."—*Woman's Home Companion*.



WHEN JOHNNIE HAD THE MEASLES.  
Saturday.

Monday.



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